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TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1922

## A NEEDED EXPANSION

THE United States Indian school in Albu-  
querque has been made a highly efficient in-  
stitution. It is one of the best of the gov-  
ernment maintained educational institutions  
and is showing in the closing exercises of 1922  
the steady advancement that has been evident  
each year for a number of years past.

Recognition of the successful conduct of the  
local school was expressed very cordially by  
the United States Indian commissioner during  
his recent visit, when he announced his ap-  
proval of the plan to increase the capacity of  
the school from 500 to 800 pupils. The com-  
missioner's approval of the proposed expan-  
sion, however, was much more than a recogni-  
tion of the efficiency of the institution. It was  
a recognition of the right to an education of  
the near-by Pueblo peoples.

The Albuquerque school during the past  
school year has been filled to its capacity. It  
is estimated that there are 500 Indian children  
who could be enrolled and who would be en-  
rolled were there facilities to care for them.  
The proposal to increase the capacity to 800  
is therefore conservative and should have the  
ready approval of congress. It is a growth  
that is demanded by the educational needs of  
the Pueblos and that is fully justified by the  
capacity for first rate educational work which  
this school certainly has demonstrated in full  
measure.

## THE SAVING TREND TOWARD ORDER

THE general business situation has con-  
tinued favorable from month to month  
until confidence is now well established  
that the worst of the inevitable post-war  
depression is over.

This is the conclusion of the financial writer  
of one of the leading New York banking houses,  
from which he draws some conclusions of in-  
terest to business. "The recovery," he says,  
"reflects the great recuperative powers which  
this country has within itself, but has been  
aided by a similar demonstration in other  
countries."

Despite the seemingly almost insolvable prob-  
lems arising from the war, and all the political  
controversies, racial antagonisms and half-  
hearted social and economic theories that con-  
tribute to the confusion, the world has a  
tendency to a state of order.

Prosperity is the fruit of a state of ordered,  
balanced and reciprocal industry, in which  
everybody works at rendering some service to  
others and gets his pay in the services which  
they render to him.

Although an appalling ignorance of mutual  
interests is constantly displayed, nevertheless  
people are bound to strive unceasingly to im-  
prove their relations with each other.

## CANCER AND CURES

WHILE Dr. Francis Carter Wood, director  
of cancer research at Columbia University,  
lays no claim to knowledge of the origin  
of the disease, Dr. Frederick William Alex-  
ander, of London, medical officer of health,  
makes this striking statement:

"Do not bolt your food! Steam it, if you  
would avoid cancer."

According to The London Express, Dr. Alex-  
ander does not claim that medical science has  
yet discovered a cure for cancer, but he de-  
duces from various evidence that its most com-  
mon form is caused by a deficiency of potassium  
salts in the body. This deficiency is due to  
improper cooking methods, allowing, as they  
do, the potassium, the essential constituent of  
bodily tissue, to escape down the drain instead  
of being retained for the table.

More than three thousand persons have died  
of cancer in the borough of Poplar, London,  
during the past twenty-one years, according to  
the report, and every year forty thousand  
deaths from the disease are registered in Eng-  
land and Wales. The death rate steadily in-

**A THOUGHT**  
As a troubled fountain, and a corrupt spring,  
so is a righteous man that giveth way before the  
wicked.—Proverbs 25:26.  
The world is thirsting not for theories, but for  
great good works of faith, for practical solutions  
of the spiritual difficulties of society, for the  
harmony of life and light; and wherever those  
appear, the world will now accept them as gladly  
bearing the manifest signature of God—J. H.  
Thom.

erences, a fact which Dr. Alexander concludes  
is due to modern refinements in the preparation  
of food. Following this theory cancer would  
seem to be hereditary in some families only be-  
cause wrongful cooking methods are perpetuat-  
ed. Similarly, some houses get a name as  
"cancer houses," whereas only the kitchen is  
to blame.

Mention was made above of Dr. Wood, of  
Columbia, regarded as authority on cancer re-  
search. His lengthy study of the disease pub-  
lished in Vol. 5 of the latest Americana Ency-  
clopedia leads to this conclusion:

Chronic irritation is the only cause for can-  
cer which we know of, and yet it is curious  
that not everyone who has chronic irritation  
develops cancer. There is some peculiar per-  
sonal quality in the tissue which is necessary  
before a cancer will develop. An example of  
this is the fact that leg ulcers which are so very  
common among old people almost never give  
rise to cancer. There is, therefore, something  
besides the ulceration and the chronic irritation  
which makes the cancer start.

But it is because of a lack of potassium  
salts? That's the question which the savants  
must worry over. What the layman will worry  
over will be when he discovers that potassium  
salts as dispensed by physicians, are actually  
poisonous.

Accordingly, lest anybody should proceed to  
replenish his supply of potassium salts, having  
believed that his skin tissue is not in the pink  
of condition, it would be better to consult a  
physician than to adopt any sort of crude  
methods of meeting the deficiency. There are  
heaps of folk who wouldn't recognize a  
potassium salt if they were to meet one.

## THE REFEREE

By Albert Apple

What was the hottest day you ever experienced?  
You might be interested to compare it with the  
temperature at Greenland Ranch in Death Valley,  
California, which the weather bureau announces is  
the hottest place in the United States and probably  
on earth.

It is a cold summer when the thermometer there  
does not hover around 125 degrees in the shade.  
And the temperature got 9 degrees hotter than that  
on the record day, July 16, 1913.

You have, since you were a child, been hearing  
about "hell on earth." The weather bureau seems  
to have found it in Death Valley.

**DANGER**  
Ever come close to getting killed by a train?  
Claim agents, checking up the 329 fatalities in rail-  
road passenger travel during 1920, find that 64 were  
killed in getting on or off moving and standing still  
trains.

Eighteen fell from moving trains, 25 fell to death  
from coach steps, 16 were under guard and jumped  
to escape.

Only 64 were struck by the train or run over.  
Carelessness is the cause of at least half of all  
accidents. If curious to check up, consult the  
word-pictures of the Herald, take chances.

**GERMANY**  
C. J. Warren, of the Remington Typewriter com-  
pany, seats at the general notion that Germany is a  
vast beehive of industry running full-blown, night  
and day.

After a long inspection visit in Germany, Warren  
reports that: "While, of course, different industries  
varied, it seemed to me that the country as a whole  
was producing about 35 per cent of capacity."

That is not a very pleasing report for the inter-  
national committee of creditors.

## Some Yarns by Famous Men

**THE POOR PROFESSOR**  
President H. O. Vance, of Oklahoma College, said  
in an address in Oklahoma:  
The post war changes have hit nobody harder  
than they have hit the college professor. The college  
professor is one of the poorest men in the world  
today.

A young Latin instructor proposed to a young  
lady and was accepted. After their first tender  
transport was over they fell into serious talk.  
"Now we are engaged," said the young lady, "do  
not begin to quarrel. Promise me, I beg, that  
you won't do anything you can't afford."

"The young Latin instructor laughed grimly.  
"If I promise you that," he said, "I'd have to  
break off our engagement."

**THE REBUKE**  
Senator Lodge, at a dinner party, said, apropos of  
an autograph collector who had bought a fake auto-  
graph of MacIver, the Elizabethan dramatist:

That reminds me. There was once a New York  
man who collected books with autograph dedications.  
Most of these dedications were to himself. Open  
his Longfellow, his Kipling, his Bernard Shaw, or  
his Maupassant, and there would be his name in a  
flattering autograph dedication from Buddy or Guy,  
from Henry or George.

Now this man's friends had noticed, or thought  
they noticed, a certain similarity about the hand-  
writing of all these dedications. Probably they were  
wrong, but anyhow, after he had shown a fine folio  
volume of Marlowe to a festive gathering one eve-  
ning he found inscribed in the ancient book the next  
morning the following words:

"To Bill"—his name was William—"From his  
faithful old friend and school mate, Kit Marlowe."

## On Wings of Wireless

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

OWN SEA Service, Inc.

**START HERE:**  
Guy Garrick and his wire-  
less expert friend, Dick De-  
trock, took the trail of two men  
and a girl who perpetrated a spec-  
tacular holdup at a fashion-  
able radio dance near New  
York. They fear that beautiful  
Ruth Walden has innocently  
become a tool in the hands of  
crooks. Their quest leads  
them to the "Sea Vamp," a  
young like-minded frequent-  
er of Ruth and her question-  
able young friends. They  
know Ruth often goes there  
with Glenn Buckley, "the  
diamond king," who is feared  
by Ruth's mother and dis-  
trusted by themselves.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
CHAPTER II  
THIS SEA VAMP  
With a siren blast and a swirl  
of dusty air a yellow racer shot  
past Garrick and Dick before they  
were a mile down the turnpike,  
leaving only a halcyon-like im-  
pression of a girl at the wheel and  
a fellow tolling back tensely in the  
other bucket seat.

"Ruth!" exclaimed Dick as Gar-  
rick mechanically threw in more  
power.

"Who was with her?"  
"Glenn Buckley."

Garrick's motor leaped ahead as  
he stepped on it. Straightaway  
down the turnpike they coasted.  
Garrick was just about holding his  
own. But Ruth had the jump and  
there was no chance to pass her.  
She was too wise a driver. Having  
shot ahead of a car she did not  
hesitate a fraction and she knew  
that that always makes it nearly  
impossible to catch one.

A bend in the turnpike toward  
the south and the dirt road forked  
off. Ruth slowed up just a bit.  
Turned her head with a peep-  
ing smile. "I've a hunch," she called  
back teasingly, "you can't follow  
me, Dick!"

With a wave of her hand sud-  
denly Ruth shot away on the side  
road to the right, to the north, in  
a pillar of dust cloud.

Garrick had no desire for a wild-  
goose quest. He stuck to the con-  
creted turnpike.

"What's the matter, old man?  
Why an idiot?" queried Dick a  
mile further on. "Suppose you're  
wondering, like me, how Ruth  
could have got moshed in the

Exclusive fifty" smiled  
Garrick then turned quickly as  
one of the youngsters muttered:  
"Snapping again! What does he  
want? You can just bet he's not  
here for a swim. . . . Come on,  
let's go. He's a little bit of a  
snapper. I move we put them off  
the beach. Hey, all ready—  
let's give them the bum's rush!"

A general laugh followed. There  
was an uncertain motion. Ruth  
flashed.

"At least we can show Guy and  
Dick we're not so exclusive that  
we're rotten! I feel partly re-  
sponsible for their being here. I  
raced them on the road and dared  
them to follow—and here they are—  
—Glenn! Just this once, boys,  
they'll not bother us again. I'll  
show them. Come on, Glenn,  
smile a little and be nice."

Ruth capered over to Dick, took  
him by the arm and started up the  
beach. Guy followed with Vir-  
gina.

"I wish you had your bathing  
suit on, Dick. I'd enjoy a swim  
across the harbor with you this  
hot forenoon."

Ruth nodded vivaciously back at  
Guy. Even if she was doing a  
bit of hasty figuring on the way  
of their presence, thought Guy, she  
was perfectly at ease. Her grace-  
ful limbs showed fascinating lines  
through the folds of the capote she  
had carelessly thrown over her.

"No wonder Dick's frantic over  
her," he thought. "She's a dan-  
gerous combination!"

She chattered. Ruth and Vir-  
gina stepped into the canoe with  
Dick and Guy, while the others plunged  
into the water and swam. They  
soon slipped alongside the house-  
boat, with its gilt letters SEA  
VAMP.

Garrick realized as they mounted  
the ladder that the marine en-  
gine had materially changed the  
old-time houseboat from a mere  
scow or barge with the usual flat  
house on it, moved in a bay or  
river and only with difficulty and  
expense towed from one place to  
another. Now the houseboat Dick  
the "Sea Vamp" was really a fair-  
sized yacht.

She was perhaps sixty feet long  
and a most attractive craft with a  
hull yacht in appearance and of a  
type which could safely make  
long runs along the coast, at a  
slam, seaworthy boat—of course  
without the speed of a regularly  
designed yacht, but more than  
making up in comfort for those on  
board what was lost in speed.

As they approached he had look-  
ed her over carefully. One of the  
first things he noted was that  
strung from two masts forward  
and astern was the aerial of a wire-  
less.

They clambered aboard and  
dragged up the canoe. At the  
stern they saw a stockily-built man  
in sea togs making fast a dory,  
and taking out a rather complete  
set of fishing tackle and other  
duff.

"Hey, Cap'n!" greeted Glenn,  
shaking the water from his eyes  
as he bounded on deck. "Any  
luck?"

"That's Captain Brock," added  
Ruth to Garrick. "We hire him  
to take charge of the 'Sea  
Vamp.'"

"Too early for snappers yet.  
Got a couple of flat fish—and an

lad in spite of his evident satis-  
faction with himself, tall, slender,  
with a general impression of love  
the ladies and the ladies love me."

In spite of competition he was  
monopolizing Virgine. A jet  
shock of bobbed hair set off big  
liquid dark eyes that, if they  
were the windows of the soul, had  
a depth that was baffling even to  
the photographic lens, eyes that  
dominated her splendid features  
and gave her that today priceless  
camera face.

"Suppose you know this is a pri-  
vate beach?" inquired one of the  
summer youngsters as the two  
approached.

Guy smiled and nodded toward  
Virgine and Glenn. "Between  
water and low water marks."

Down the shore could be seen a  
canoe coming from the houseboat  
with a girl alone. As she beached  
it and stepped out, it was Ruth in  
a smart swimming suit of violet  
and white that set off daintily her  
perfectly shaped slender limbs.

The encounter had reached a  
danger point much as if some up-  
start swimmer had discovered a  
freshman violating some immen-  
sorial tradition of at least two col-  
lege generations.

All stopped, however, as Ruth  
glanced back at the youngsters.  
She was one of them—  
but different.

As she came down the beach  
summing a scrap of a dance to  
herself, her body swayed with the  
rhythm and her feet scarcely  
seemed to touch the sand. Her  
golden hair framed her sensitive  
features in an aura of sunlight.  
Garrick saw with approval that  
Ruth had been strong-minded  
enough to hold to her curls during  
the days of bobbed hair.

Could those laughing, frank  
eyes know of crime, of anything  
coarse?

"You, here, Dick?" she danced  
up to him. "Were you afraid to  
come alone with me? With a  
twinkling shaft at Garrick, "What  
do you think of us . . . Mr. Sher-  
lock?"

Exclusively fifty" smiled  
Garrick then turned quickly as  
one of the youngsters muttered:  
"Snapping again! What does he  
want? You can just bet he's not  
here for a swim. . . . Come on,  
let's go. He's a little bit of a  
snapper. I move we put them off  
the beach. Hey, all ready—  
let's give them the bum's rush!"

el." He caught sight of Guy and  
Dick and glowered under bushy  
eyebrows. "Who are they?" he  
growled under his breath.

"They're with me, Captain," ex-  
plained Ruth. "Mr. Garrick and  
Mr. DeRock, Captain Brock. Just a  
couple of friends who are inter-  
ested in how I spend my time."

"Well, so long as it's time they  
are looking for, all right."

Garrick could not resist a  
startled second glance as tucked  
away in the duff with great care,  
he caught sight of an electron tube,  
with filament and grids precisely  
the latest type used in radio re-  
ceiving. He nudged Dick, but  
Dick was equally quick. The fish-  
ing pole was equipped with a mi-  
niture aerial and he had noticed it.

Neither betrayed either interest  
or the burning curiosity they felt  
as Brock clumped forward with  
his staff. Why, when Brock was  
even fishing, away from the "Sea  
Vamp," did he carry this com-  
pact wireless receiving set? What  
station must he be always in touch  
with, or what message did he ex-  
pect that he must be listening in?

"Excuse us. We'll go down be-  
low. Get the shaker and some tea  
and . . . you know, I guess we  
can entertain," trailed Virgine.

Alone in the comfortably fur-  
nished saloon, Garrick glanced at  
Dick, who shrugged at the uncon-  
ventionality of it all, then made a  
hasty survey of the place. At one  
end was a sort of closet or clothes  
press. "Snapping," he nodded as  
he opened the door and looked in.

Inside hung a nondescript array  
of old clothes. In the back corner,  
on the floor where it had been  
thrown lay a girl's cloth hat. He  
picked it up, smoothed it out, then  
with a suppressed "Ouch!" drew  
his hand away and loosened a pin  
caught in its folds.

"It's a diamond clasp—initials  
V. O.—Virgine Gerard?"

"Diamond clasp . . . that's one  
of the pieces of milking jewelry  
whispered Dick excitedly. "Say—  
hold that hat again as you had it.  
There. By Jove, it's not only a  
hat. It's a hat. Tomatoes color  
it!"

They said the girl at the Radio  
bance put the stuff in a little to-  
mato colored bag. By Jove!"

"Here's a camera, too," was all  
Garrick answered. He turned the  
camera over, saw the number "5,"  
then deftly untangled it and  
dropped the roll of film into his  
coat pocket.

There was a step on the com-  
passway to the cabin. A door  
rolled the has tightly and  
stuffed it in his hip pocket under  
the tail of his coat.

The party thawed a little bit as  
the ice in the shaker thawed.  
Finally Garrick took advantage of  
a lull in the conversation.

"I may as well tell you just why  
we dropped in," he remarked,  
"usually taking the diamond clasp  
from his pocket. "Is that by any  
chance yours, Virgine?"

Virgine looked at the clasp a mo-  
ment, then gave a little scream.  
"My finger clasp—that they tore  
off my shoulder strap at the  
dance. It was all almost all—  
that stood between me—and the  
board of censorship!"

In the laugh that followed, Ruth  
was the first to speak. "Where  
did you get it, Guy?"

Garrick assumed a knowing air.  
"One of the caddies at the club  
came up to me this morning and  
tried to sell it to me. I thought if  
you could identify it, I'd watch  
him."

Garrick was unable to figure out  
whether or not there was any air  
of relief at the explanation. At  
least there was some connection  
between the "Sea Vamp" and the  
robbery.

"Was little Rae Larue at the  
dance?" he embedded to ask  
after a proper interval.

"No," answered Virgine. "She was  
ill, at Beth's house."

"And Jack Curtis?"

"Oh yes. He was there. He  
came politely late."

A buzzing interrupted. Virgine  
turned quickly to Glenn, who was  
now seen on crossing swords with  
Garrick as a lady killer and had  
secured his monopoly of Virgine.

"That radio, Glenn?"

Ever eager to show off and  
please, Glenn drew a curtain of a  
built-in sideboard at the end of  
the saloon disclosing a very com-  
plete set, including the loud-speak-  
ing horn.

He adjusted and tuned and  
twisted knobs and dials until at  
last he had it. From the loud  
speaker came a girl's voice.

"It's Rae!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Signal back that you get her,"  
Glenn officiously played the  
radio operator.

A few minutes later came the  
voice, much clearer, from the loud  
speaker.

"Now—Glenn—get up closer to  
the loud speaker—no—no—you  
know—not your cheek, Glenn!"

There was a suppressed laugh.

**RUTH MADE A GLORIOUS  
PICTURE.**  
Glenn smiled, rather sheepishly.  
But he turned his face full toward  
the little horn.

Garrick had divined what was  
coming. "Sort of Freudian, I  
guess," he whispered to Ruth, re-  
calling her mother's repulsion of  
Ruth's psychanalysis.

"Huh!" laughed Ruth, taking no  
pains to modulate her tone. "More  
like the terror—His Mistress  
Voice!"

"Come now—put your lips  
close to the horn. From the loud  
speaker followed by a laugh—then  
an unmistakable radio kiss.

Disconcerted after his ardent at-  
tention to Virgine, Glenn for once  
looked as if he would have dropped  
through into the hold.

Ruth glanced quickly from  
Glenn's chagrin to Virgine's stony  
face, then saw the humor.

"Never mind, Glenn. She kissed  
a couple of thousand on that wave  
length then!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## Mr. Daugherty's Mouth Not Closed

(Christian Science Monitor)  
The people of the United States  
probably irrespective of party  
affiliation, that in the  
regard of the three  
Harry M. Daugherty, attorney  
in President Harding's ad-  
ministration, by way of retail-  
ing the names of those officials  
the Wilson administration  
he charges with culpability in  
transactions by which the gov-  
ernment was defrauded in war  
Mr. Daugherty has been sug-  
gesting to shield the  
offenders and of failing to  
those of a political faith on  
There has been no effort  
as is known, to inject a po-  
or partisan issue into the  
elections. It is true that  
those of a political faith on  
to that of the attorney  
have been insisting in dem-  
that he act without further  
but it is not indicated that  
any person because of his  
official connection. Mr. Da-  
ugherty certainly is under no ob-  
ligation to the people to extend  
favor in the way of vote  
His mouth is not closed.

It is intimated that the three  
attorneys general to im-  
officials of the previous ad-  
ministration in the investiga-  
tion of the Wilson adminis-  
tration, which it was sug-  
gested that the attorney ge-  
neral or with the hope of all-  
democratic members of con-  
gress on the side of republican par-  
ties may desire to defeat  
effort to compel a thorough  
closure of alleged war-pro-  
fit transactions. The polit-  
ical delay in this connection has  
been long. It has been sug-  
gested that the prosecution  
demanded should have been  
prompted by Mr. Daugherty's  
descent. The special statu-  
tion, which it was sug-  
gested would make the con-  
viction of the offender  
possible after the lapse of  
three-year period specified  
by the act of a republican  
congress and the approval of a  
civilian president, amended  
voted to extend the hazard  
another similar period. This  
amendment was passed in  
administration a little  
than a year ago. But the  
offenders have not been  
brought to court.

It has been intimated that  
who are liable to prosecution  
shown their willingness to  
bute from their profits to the  
paign funds of the two pri-  
vileged parties, a practice  
shown for the party.  
happened to be in power  
might be presumptuous to  
that the delay now complain-  
ed by the action of a republi-  
can congress to the forthcom-  
ing campaign or as long  
to the national campaign  
two years in the future. But  
such suspicion has been  
nevertheless.

It should be made per-  
clear that the people do not  
Mr. Daugherty to any in-  
place of secrecy. He is the  
vocate and attorney. He is  
played and paid by them, a  
accepting their retainer he  
served from any previous re-  
ship with those whose inter-  
posed to the interests of the  
the. His threat to expose  
whose names have not yet  
connected with a practice  
investigation cannot fail to  
upon himself if he fails to  
such disclosures complete. He  
by the words attributed to  
him, a known who  
personal explanation can  
him in withholding.

**Elect Officers of  
Asylum Trust**

(Special to The Herald)  
LAS VEGAS, June 5.—  
Ruth of Hinton has been  
the president of the New Mexico  
Insane Asylum. A. T. Rogers  
and Catherine DeWitt  
respectively elected vice-pres-  
and secretary-treasurer.  
change in the management of  
insane has been announced.  
The personnel changes have  
been definitely decided upon.

More than 2,000,000 girls,  
the age of 14 are employ-  
various occupations in the  
States.

## The Old Home Town

HOLD 'ER  
NEWT SHE'S  
AREARIN'

BRAT!

GIT F  
HOM  
BRUN

GRAND PRIZE FREE  
LUCKY NUMBER WITH  
EVERY POUND OF TEA  
1ST PRIZE—HANGING LAMP  
2ND PRIZE—FINE POUNDS  
OF SMOKING TOBACCO

YOU SAY  
WE CAN'T  
LET  
HOOT